

T H E

6

BYSTANDER.

—————No man smile,
And wear a face of mirth; who does, is cunning,
And hides a double heart, guarded in words,
In manner most provoking.

CASTRUCCIO in the DOUBLE MARRIAGE.



L O N D O N :

Printed for M. HINGESTON, in the Strand, near Temple-Bar.

MDCCLXXII.

BYSTANDER.

No man little
And wear a face of
And hides a double world in words
In manner more
Caricatures in the House of Commons



THE
MUSEUM
OF
NATURAL
HISTORY

LONDON
Printed by M. Milnes, in the Strand, near St. Dunstons Church.
MDCCCXXXII.




P R E F A C E

T O

T H E P U B L I C K .



 H E Author of the following
Collection of Facts is sensible
of the variety of difficulties he
has to encounter, and of the seemingly
absurd light he must appear in to the
world, in stepping forth as a champion
in defence of a fair and spotless cha-
racter, which stands traduced by the
almost-plain acknowledgments of the

owner, and the more explicit assertions of a zealous and sanguine friend, who will be discovered in the following narrative to know as much of the grievance as the owner himself.

It will undoubtedly be said,---That every man is best acquainted with his own sensations and feelings ;---That, as every man arrived at the age of forty may be allowed to be his own physician, so may he likewise be his own surgeon ;---That the wearer knows best where the shoe pinches ;---And other quaint phrases of similar tendency, will necessarily occur to the reader's conception, as he pursues the track of the grand argument, and discovers the design of this publication.

But if the proverb, that “ we have no worse friends than we bring from home with us,” may be applied to an individual, it would be conniving at slander at least, to stand silently by and indulge a malicious sneer, whilst
a middle-

a middle-aged gentleman, untainted and unblown upon, withdraws from himself that favourable opinion, which, from outward appearances, the fair-sex were willing to harbour of him, and turns his own slanderer and accuser in a point of the utmost concern to the whole human species; nay, Benevolence and Charity will call upon us to obtrude our good offices and timely assistance, whenever we chance to find a person so much hurt and out of humour with himself (arising from repeated refusals and disappointments in the offer of his person to the service of the ladies) as to wreak his whole vengeance on his own dear carcase, and by thus taking the liberty of carbonading himself and picking a hole in his own coat, hazard the continuance of a character quite essential to the happiness of all Cupid's votaries; and, in short, if the gentleman's character does not survive this self-slander, the jury must bring it in *Felo de se*, and by the laws of the land it will not be entitled

to funeral obsequies; but be left to
stink above-ground.

The task undoubtedly is dangerous
as well as new, and the Author expects
no more thanks for his trouble, than
if he had interposed between man and
wife; but being possessed of a truly be-
nevolent disposition, neither awed nor
terrified with the blustering threats of
these two Drawcanfirs, he chearfully
undertakes the kind and friendly office
of warding off the blow intended against
self, and will endeavour to skreen —
from the baneful effect of his own pas-
sions, though he is sure his good ser-
vices and well-meant intentions will
be no better rewarded, than the poor
Parson proves to be for his trite, but
mal-à-propos, compliment of this gen-
tleman's abilities as a singer.

So far the public certainly have a
right to be satisfied concerning the By-
stander's benevolent design in giving
them and himself this trouble: Other-
wise

wife they would have been led to imagine, that the Author of these sheets was a supernumerary writer to the Supporters of the Bill of Rights at the London, or to the Petitioners against Subscription at the Feathers Tavern, and, for want of employment there, had thrown together a few loose detached thoughts, in order to make up a twelve-penny pamphlet, to help to wipe off a tavern reckoning, contracted upon the credit of those two grand objects, which, like all other the untimely productions of our new-fangled Patriots, are fast sinking into derision and contempt.

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sented them. Perhaps there was no witness of them so divested of prejudice and partiality as myself. A stranger to every party, I am likely to favour none, but that of Truth and Justice.

Early acquainted with the ways of men, I know there are few honest enough to wish every character drawn in its proper colours, or brave enough to draw it. As no one, who is concerned for the characters hereafter to be brought upon the stage, is ever likely to know me, ~~or my person~~, my impartiality will be no great proof of my courage; though at the same time, as I am never likely to be one whit the better or the worse for the characters themselves, my desire to do them justice may be a proof of my honesty.

The reader will, by this time, begin to wonder, how I, who profess myself a stranger to every party, and ever likely to continue so, can be, by any means, competent for the office I undertake, and, instead of being an evidence
of

of the following facts, will suspect me for a repeater of them from the mouth of another, and consequently that he, as well as myself, is liable to be misinformed, as, I assure him, he has hitherto been. It is incumbent upon me therefore to acquaint him, by what means I became master of the subject, and what my inducements are for laying it fairly before him. And this I cannot do without taking up beforehand a little more of his time, by giving him a short history of myself, and my abilities for the task I have undertaken.

BEING bred up a scholar, and naturally fond of curiosities, in my younger years I travelled into Egypt, where, by accident, I became acquainted with a Dervise, a man of virtue and knowledge, though an adept in the occult sciences. As I found him not only an instructive, but entertaining companion, I cultivated a friendship with him, which at length grew into the most affectionate intimacy. As we were one day walking in an open plain, and conversing together concerning the learning of the maji, and the surprizing effects brought about by the knowledge of magic, (which I treated, perhaps, with too much contempt), on a sudden my friend disappeared. No expressions can give any idea of my amazement and perplexity.

I immediately hurried homeward (as I thought) alone, frequently breaking out into soliloquies of grief and astonishment at his unaccountable non-appearance. Not knowing whether he had
of

of his own power, i. e. spontaneously, vanished, or whether he had been ravished from me by some superior being, I burst into tears, and repeated his name with more than ordinary energy and tenderness, when I saw him re-appear as instantaneously as I had before lost sight of him. "Now," says he, "my friend, I imagine you are convinced of the folly of despising arts and powers you do not understand," and then repeated to me every word I had uttered and every motion I had made, as distinctly as if he had been all the time visibly present with me.

Soon after this I had a summons to leave Egypt, and return to my own country, in order to take possession of an estate fallen to me by the death of my father. When my friend and I parted, as a token of his affection and respect, he discovered to me the secret, and invested me with the power, of becoming invisible, after having insisted upon my promise, that I would divulge it to no one, nor make use of it to any

base or unworthy purposes. “ For,” says he, “ If you do, you will not only be deprived of the power, but you will draw down upon your head the vengeance of Heaven, which imparts this extraordinary faculty only to a chosen few for good and extraordinary ends.”

I have hitherto kept my promise ~~most religiously~~, and have never become invisible to gratify malice, revenge, or any other dark and ungenerous passion. Where it answers no good design, such as the protection of virtue, and the rescue of it from infamy and injury, the detection of falsehood, and the disclosure of truths necessary to be known, I make no discoveries. Did I not submit to these restraints, I could make strange dissensions, not only in private neighbourhoods, but in states and kingdoms. For I have passed as much of my time in the cabinets of princes, as at the tea-tables of the fair, or the cabals of modern patriots and malecontents.

I could

I could have told you, some time before A----l B--g went aboard his fleet, the necessity there was, he should be shot for a coward at his return. But, as it is dangerous to foment divisions between the people and the government at the beginning of a war, I preferred the public good to the reputation and even life of an individual. And, if the D---s do not treat a certain great lady with that justice and respect, which is due to her not only as their Q---n, but as a P-----s of E-----d, I shall think myself at liberty to reveal what I know of the matter, and discover an intrigue of state, which they little think I am acquainted with.

One cannot express the trouble it is to smother such important secrets in one's bosom, till a proper opportunity offers itself of disclosing them, and extricating innocence out of the jaws of infamy and ruin. I have therefore made a resolution to quit courts, and renounce my invisible acquaintance with the great, and attend more particularly

particularly what passes in middle life at drums and routs, at card-tables and assemblies. And, as I am at that time of life, when thinking men begin to like retirement, and I choose to pass the hours of my visibility, where there is less noise and tumult, I left London last Michaelmas, and set out for the northern parts of this kingdom, which are furnished with fewer people: I therefore thought them less liable to be warped by parties and prejudice. But I had not resided long at a certain county-town famous for old buildings, old maids, proud ***** men and card-playing, but I found my mistake, and that it is not the number, but the good sense and virtue of inhabitants, that guard particular places from feuds and animosities, and incline them to speak in favour of what is right, and with truth of what is wrong, let who will be the actors.

One of the first companies, I invisibly got amongst at this town, had met at a widow lady's with a design

to divert themselves at tea and cards, if they had not been interrupted by the intrusion of two sparks, who, you will hear by and by, quarrelled with and traduced one part of the company, disturbed the whole, and notwithstanding, by the prejudices of the place, &c. were for some time ignorant that they had exposed themselves most egregiously. Whether the reader's opinion will coincide with mine in this case I cannot determine, but will give him the facts, and assure him of my impartiality in the relation of them; though, at the same time, I shall take the liberty of giving him the remarks which occurred to me during their transaction, and upon my reflecting upon them afterward.

The company was a mixed one of both sexes, consisting of about a dozen persons; those principally concerned in this interlude were two lawyers (a barrister and an attorney) with a doctor of divinity.

Conversation having turned some time upon music, on account of some performances in that way, which were to take place the following week, the Doctor negligently said he did not know whether he should attend them or not; when the barrister, who by way of distinction shall be stiled La-Writ sen. observed to him, " You go! No, what " should you go for? You don't know " one tune from another, or a fiddle " from a hurdy-gurdy." " Why no," replied the Doctor, " I can't say I value " myself upon my knowledge in music, " but I might possibly distinguish your " voice from Farinelli's." " What do " you mean by that, Sir?" says La-Writ angrily: " I have heard you sing " the British grenadiers, and you never heard me sing in your life."

To which answers the priest, " Nay, " I may possibly pay my own judgment too great a compliment, in " saying I could distinguish your voice " from Farinelli's, because, for any " thing I know, you may sing alike."

Upon

Upon this La-Writ became very passionate, and swore that “ the Doctor deserved kicking for his impudence ;” that “ He was a d---n’d scoundrel ;” and that, “ If he dared to repeat those words again, by G-d, he would knock him down.” The Doctor returned his menaces with only observing, “ He knew no harm in the words, “ and would repeat them a hundred times ;” willing rather to hazard the effect of La-Writ’s idle passion, than humour him in a point that must be fatal to him upon reflection.

La-Writ still continued his threats of knocking down, repeating that the Doctor was a scoundrel and a nuisance to society, with many other scurrilous invectives against him. This uncivil behaviour of *old* La-Writ’s so staggered the ladies, that one of them, whom in his wrath he was near treading upon, ran crying down stairs, and enquired of the company, who went to her assistance, what it was that the *old* lawyer was in such a taking about. All this

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raving,

raving, fretting and chafing, occasioned in the Doctor great astonishment, but he sat composed, not without laughing, in his chair: Though some degree of pity was discernible in the priest's sensations, for this figure of a man labouring under such a scarcity of sense.

Then the other lawyer, La-Writ junior, interfered, and with much zeal and great heat of temper swore " By G-d
 " it was too much! His brother was
 " used damnably ill, and if the Doctor
 " had said the same words to him as
 " he did to --- -----, d---n him, he
 " would have knocked him down, if
 " he had been a bishop." And by turns both the La-Writs attacked the Doctor, and sometimes both together, this on one side the Doctor's chair, and that on the other, threatening what notable feats they would perform. Then the two La-Writs paraded it up and down the room, complimenting each other upon their gallant conduct, little La-Writ crying out to great La-Writ,
 " By G-d, you took it up like a man."
 " Thank

“Thank you,” says great La-Writ, The Doctor added, “Yes, he took it “up like a lion * and laid it down “like a lamb.” At which saying, young La-Writ, pricking up his ears like a sow in the beans, instantly advanced to the Doctor’s chair, and swore very solemnly, saying, “By G-d, Sir, “if you presume to make use of my “name upon any occasion, d---n you, “I will knock you down ;” the Doctor all the while despising him by laughing at him : Till at last he took and held the Doctor by the collar ; when a gentleman of the company came and forced his hand from the Doctor, who was sitting in his chair, as he had been the whole time.

Then old La-Writ bid him go home, and repeat it to his family, &c. daring the poor priest to lay this entertaining scene before the world. Naturalists do say, there are some animals the bolder for being blind.

* La-Writ junior’s family name sounds something like this beast’s.

During

During this time, young La-Writ was exulting over the pressing intreaties of the lady of the house, who was begging him not to be so passionate: But the little hero, panting for glory, rejected every proposal that tended to quietness, or that might check his career to the summit of -----; he felt himself almost arrived at ----; so he bellowed out, “ If he is “ offensive, by G-d, I will knock him “ down;” longing to have a stroke at the Doctor, to confirm a good reputation in the world, and see his achievements published in print.

The Doctor, &c. then took leave of the lady and the company, and very placidly said, “ As to you two gentle- “ men, I hope next time I meet you, “ to find you in better humour.” To which both the La-Writs, with boar-like fury, snorted out, “ No, never, “ by G-d.”

From the state of the foregoing narrative, I am afraid it will be difficult for any reader, but a lawyer of equal depth

depth in understanding with the attorney, to point out or ascertain the sting of any expression, which fell from the Doctor, that can countenance or even occasion so boisterous a sensation in the pericranium of old La-Writ; when, in the common way of reading, there appears nothing more than a smartness of repartee, which usually entertains company and enlivens conversation.

But when one considers the wonderful abilities of these two lovers of goose-quill, more than lovers of men, both eminent in their professions and callings, one cannot help suspecting, that the Doctor must have let slip innocently from his tongue, a matter, which to *that* time had lain concealed from the world, and been only known to old La-Writ himself, and his red-hot friend the junior.

The Doctor I find is generously unhappy (being, as I perceive, a very tender-hearted man) in being the occasion, though the innocent occasion, of unveiling the secrets of his neighbour's

bour's ***** therefore I, as an impartial friend to all, must for justice sake beg this indulgence of the public, that they will hear me by way of explanation, whilst I lay before them, what appeared to me at that time to be the real and obvious meaning of the words spoken by the Doctor, and also prove to them that the meaning affixed to these words by the two learned gentlemen, could not possibly be the meaning intended by the Doctor, for reasons which shall be laid down distinctly and at large.

If, in a conversation about music, where the sense of hearing and distinguishing notes is concerned, (and most men think they have this sense in some degree or other) a person in company tells another, " That he is so stupid
 " and void of all delicate sensations,
 " that he does not know one tune
 " from another, or a fiddle from a
 " hurdy-gurdy," can it be thought captious or arrogant to reply, that music is not his hobby-horse, but yet he flatters

flatters himself he could distinguish between the speaker's voice and Farinelli's?

The answer seems easy and obvious, and cannot be said to be raking up anecdotes of other peoples' infirmities. Old La-Writ may have infirmities; what mortal without some? But if he has ever so many, this reply makes no discovery, brings no hidden weaknesses to light, tells no tales; he may be very whole and sound at --- ---- heart, in spite of any thing contained in this answer to the contrary. Farinelli to be sure was celebrated in his day for his fine and soft singing, but for no other manly performance but that of his voice. This was his misfortune, poor man! How much old La-Writ sympathizes with him, in this latter part of his character, he and young La-Writ best know: The Doctor in his reply answers for nothing but the voice, as sound is the sole subject of the conversation. *Vox & præterea nihil.*

This is true, but it may be farther objected, that the sting in regard to

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La-Writ must lie in the tail ---- of the Doctor's reply to La-Writ's telling him, "He never heard him sing."

In answer to that it is observable, that there cannot be an indecent, nasty idea conveyed in this reply, because the Doctor only acknowledges the sense he has of La-Writ's informing him, that, "He never heard him sing." And therefore, he corrects himself for judging without having heard him sing, and candidly supposes he may sing like Farinelli. How common an expression is it to say, a person sings like an angel, and this is not understood as an affront or even an exaggerated compliment? Was it possible a lady could have made so coarse, so vulgar an observation as the speech of the hurdy-gurdy &c. tends to, the divine's reply would probably have stood in the name of one of those aerial spirits, instead of Farinelli.

And can it then be thought indecent or bombast in the Doctor to say, that La-Writ may, for any thing he knows,
sing

sing like a mere man? Nay, to lower the picture, and shew that the Doctor talked in a familiar stile, and did not mean to exaggerate, and that there was nothing florid or bombast in what he said, like an I---l---n, one that is supposed to have laboured under a diminution in ***** nature, and an amputation in ----- character.

If any undue abuse, slander, or defamation, is thought to be conveyed in this expression, " May sing like " Farinelli," so that, by an aukward distortion of both words and meaning, all the filth and dirt of an ***** is made to stick upon La-Writ's coat, La-Writ can only blame himself and his officious advocates and friends, for unfortunately conspiring to prove

The Tree of knowledge bears the fruit of guilt.

Or, to judge of their conclusions in the most favourable light, they must all be *reviving a spirit of knight-errantry*, when they positively assert, that saying you could distinguish between

the speaker's voice and Farinelli's, is a gross reflection upon manhood, and the next moment as positively asserting, that saying perhaps you could not distinguish, &c. because they may both sing alike, is likewise a gross reflection upon manhood. This very new method of reasoning, I say, can be authorized by nothing but the principles of *chivalry*; therefore the reader must have recourse to the Life and Atchievements of the Renowned Don Quixote, vol. II. page 232, where he will see this knotty point learnedly argued and cuffed about, for plaintiff and defendant, in the celebrated case of the barber's bason and the pack-saddle----The CASE in point----

For my part, I say, and will maintain it, for there is no reason the barber should be wronged, that this is a bason, and that the pack-saddle of a He-afs.

May not it be a She-afs's pack-saddle friend? said---

That is all one, Sir, said-----The question is not, whether it be a he or a she-

a she-afs pack-faddle, but whether it be a pack-faddle or not; that is the matter, Sir. Gentlemen, fays he, this is no more a horfe's faddle than it is my father, and he that fays the contrary is drunk or mad.-----You lie, like an unmannerly rafcal, fays the knight of the woeful figure.-----The barber was quite at his wit's end, to think that his bafon, then and there present before his eyes, was become the helmet of Mambrino, and that his pack-faddle was going to be changed into fome rich caparifon.

Another reason, which induces me as an impartial Byftander to believe, the Doctor did not mean to impress upon his hearers fo ~~filthy~~, fo nafty an idea, as feemingly muft have been conveyed to them, if they had known as much of the fecret of La-Writ's ***** as the other La-Writ did, is, that he did not make any grateful acknowledgments to La-Writ fen. for obferving to him, that “ He did not “ know one tune from another, and “ could

“ could not distinguish a fiddle from a “ hurdy-gurdy.” This undoubtedly was a very ~~handsome~~ respectful compliment paid the Doctor; and must be intended as such by La-Writ, if we judge of it by the same rule, as the two La-Writs and their friends judge of what the Doctor said; for if any thing nauseous ~~or nasty, diminutive~~ or defective, in respect of great La-Writ, is conveyed to the sense of the two La-Writs’ *perception*, by the Doctor’s saying, “ May sing like Farinelli,” undoubtedly, by the same way of judging, something manly and commendatory must be intended to be conveyed by old La-Writ, when he tells the Doctor he knew nothing of music, &c. *i. e.* in their sense of the words, he was too much a man, and had nothing of the Farinelli about him: An eulogium this, which, amongst friends, might be of great service to the Doctor in a second venture! But he seems, as I observed before, to have been quite insensible of it, otherwise it is likely he would

would have thanked him with as much glee, if not quite so elegant a gesture, as great La-Writ thanked little La-Writ for backing him: For I must own the Doctor seems to me not apt to be behind-hand in courteousness and civility.

A circumstance, which in stating of the case absolutely escaped my memory, but must by no means be omitted, (lest my friend La-Writ should suspect me of partiality, in suppressing the least tittle that may do him a little credit amongst the ladies), may not now be unacceptable to the reader, at the close of the senior's justification. Before I proceed, therefore, to give a description of the conduct of the other little lawyer, (who, like his brother La-Writ in the play, will, in one of his fighting fits, lay down his green bag to bustle with any one, friend or foe *), I must desire the can-

* La-Writ is the character of a little lawyer, who suddenly turned fighting mad; it is drawn by Fletcher, with the utmost humour, in his play called the Little French Lawyer.

did and patient reader, to add the following paragraph to the state of the case above-drawn, and beg the omission of so entertaining, so interesting a particular may be imputed to my forgetfulness, and not to any the least partial design of robbing La-Writ's tye-wig of the least particle of those glorious laurels he has so manfully strove for and gained.

La-Writ sen. (having first buttoned up his mouth, that he might express himself with the greater force and emphasis) with tragic stride and true buskin step, marched up to the table, where the trembling priest sat, expecting his destiny; and, with full as much courage as must have inspired those great leaders, Sturgeon and his brother Colossus, when they attacked Gardelle's gibbet in the rear, our hero attacked the Doctor and card-table in front, and with sonorous voice (a little tending to a squeak), thus harangued him: "I presently caught your meaning, your nasty allusion, your vile
 " similitude;

"similitude; and, in spite of your
 "grinning, I would have you take
 "notice, that the taking it up in the
 "lively manner I did, did not arise
 "from my own captious judgment;
 "but I would have you observe, that
 "I was supported and seconded in my
 "opinion by the sagacious, the pene-
 "trating, the intuitive, the wise, the
 "learned, the cunning Mr. ----, who
 "is allowed to see farther into a mill-
 "stone than any man living*: And
 "I, myself I, judged like him. Then
 "judge you, Sir, how sagacious, how
 "penetrating, how intuitive, how wise,
 "how learned, how cunning I must
 "be." This he pronounced with hat
 grasped in hand like a truncheon, all
 the while advancing and retreating, as
 the grand occasion required, like a
 most experienced general.

The incredulity of some people may make this scene a little suspicious; but

* There never was but one man that could see farther, and that was the man of Thessaly, who saw when his eyes were out.

none of those who on a late occasion heard these two mirrors of knighthood boldly reject all terms of pacification, and renounce every pretence to civility, rather than ask pardon for not having behaved like gentlemen or men, will compliment my pen so much, as to harbour the least thought that this and the following portrait are fancied copies of their sublime originals.

Now do I enter upon a description of the share the other La-Writ had in this great exploit, with full as much fear and trembling as possessed the poor parson, when the two great branches of the law stood shaking their voluminous fists over him.

Upon the reading, it does not appear, that little La-Writ was any farther concerned in this matter, than he might properly have interfered and desired the great one to contain himself, and not, by his ill-timed burblings, interrupt a genteel company, who before his intrusion were sociably merry; and it does not appear that La-Writ in

the

the Tye was invited; therefore he in the Bob might have concerned himself so far with the person he himself had introduced.

But unluckily for the company, though this would have been acting agreeable to reason with men of common understandings, it is neither reason nor law with this quintessence of knight-errantry.

The reader must not imagine, that junior La-Writ, whose Valour is the *bench* of equity, and Will the common law; great in every branch of oratory and eloquence; and for giving a ch---ge second to no man, if the frequency of doing it and never putting it in execution be any mark of renown: The reader, I say, must not flatter himself, that this Quixote in sheep-skin would screen himself from a hurly-burly by acting consistently with common sense; but must expect, if he has the least knowledge of this flower of chivalry, that he will necessarily take the wrong side in an argument, lest he

should let slip the inviting opportunity of displaying before the ladies his all-powerful faculties of wrangling and jangling; for which I find he is celebrated in every session-house through the c----y.

But, to the awful task! ----- With what decent solemnity does La-Writ in the Bob (one would have sworn he had wore a Tye), enter upon the important subject! Grave, as on the day of his master's inauguration! Oh! it would have done the phlegmatic reader good, if he chance to have a taste for sound rhetoric, to have heard and seen him open; not like Cato in the tragedy, with,

It is enough, &c. &c.

But like his noble self; "It is too much! It is too much, by G-d! My brother Opener has been used most d--na-ly ill! It is too much!" Pithy and sentimental!

The company for some time could not discover from this tragi-comic pantomime,

pantomime, whether La-Writ in the Bob was ridiculing or seconding La-Writ in the Tye; but the great Justinian kept that secret to himself, and for some seconds of time (by way I suppose of rhetorical grace) held the audience in suspense; till at length the stick * of his judgment fell towards the Doctor, and the whole explosion of his eloquence rolled like a torrent upon the quivering priest. I am sure I retain so strong an impression of his ghastly austere looks, that I tremble whilst I think of them! They who have seen him on Michaelmas-day invest his master with the magisterial office, and teach him how to wield the sword of justice, may have some faint idea of the severity of his countenance; but my faltering pen must fail in the description. How emphatically does he descant upon the libellous detraction, conveyed in the priest's reply to his friend Puzzle? and with what a quick-

* A modern guide for some peoples conduct.

ness of sensibility does he express his abhorrence of ***** what not a foul saw, or even suspected any defect in but himself, except the man in the Tye, who, we see, is by his staunch friend asserted to have an experimental feeling of ***** the thing, which La-Writ in the Bob refers to when he says, " If he had said the same words " to me as he did to my brother, by " G-d, I would have knocked him " down, if he had been a bishop."

This last speech brought the poor curate to his tremblings; for what a drubbing must he expect, if lawn sleeves were no protection? However, luckily for the church, the interlude of complaisance and congratulation between the two knights took place, as soon as this tremendous speech of little La-Writ's ended, which gave the Doctor a little breathing time.

" Brother Tye, you took it up like " a man!" " Thank you, Bob," says great La-Writ.

The parson nevertheless, (for fear his silence should be construed an indecent nasty offence), just whispering from behind the card-table, "That he did;" and, hoping to ingratiate himself still more with their high mightinesses, added, "He took it up like a Lion *, and laid it down like a Lamb." These last words, Lamb and Lion, and Lion and Lamb, jingling harshly in little La-Writ's ears, he now discovered very clearly a manifest allusion to himself, and that he was intended to be reflected upon by this terrible parson, under the allegory of the Lion and Lamb, as his friend in the Tye was in the case of ----- and Farinelli. Upon which well-digested surmise, the aforesaid -----, not the beast but the lawyer, did, in regular form of law, discharge the said Doctor from making use of his name in manner and form following; that is to say; to wit. "By G-d, Sir, if you dare to

* Vide Note, page 13.

" make

“make use of my name, I say, Sir,
 “if you presume to make use of my
 “name, upon any occasion, by G-d I
 “will knock you down.” The priest
 crying, with all humility of voice, and
 meekness of cadence, “Sure you will
 “not! ~~of~~ sure you will not! Oh dear!
 “what a violent tre---mbing you put
 “me into!”

Upon which the little lawyer, seeing
 poor Crape was overcome, to make
 his triumph and victory sure, seized
 him fast by the collar, and there held
 him; which uncouth manœuvre the
 reverend Doctor would have construed
 into an assault and battery, when all
 the while the doughty hero only meant
 to keep him steady in his chair, and
 prevent his rising: For every body, I
 find, knows, this blossom of knight-
 hood delights in having all the fight-
 ing to himself, and there never are two
 people concerned in his battles. He
 fights, or seems as if he would fight
 (which is all the same), over night,
 but next morning when you would
 really

really fight with him, the fly casuist
tips the favourite law-phrase upon you
---*currat lex*---or in plain English, as
paraphrased by himself,

He that fights, and runs away,

May live to fight another day.

Excellent œconomy this! The king
loses no subjects, and little La-Writ
no-----credit.

A gentleman then stepped in between
the angry lawyer and laughing parson.
----- Indeed, it was very lucky, that
it, all the while, took that merry turn
with him, (there are not many men,
that could have weathered the shock
of so unaccountable an attack with so
much philosophy); for I am sure there
was great room to fear, he might have
been frightened into convulsion fits.
It is quite a miracle to me, how his
nerves sustained the storm of knock-
down arguments about *****
risum teneatis?

As soon as the Doctor, &c. had
taken their leave, the two heroes supped

F

with

with the old lady of the house; when they very gallantly mumbled poor Crape over again, and with mouths full of cock and bacon (not to say ham and fowl, lest any nasty allusion to old La-Writ may be drawn from it) they rehearsed the noble atchievement, and fought the battle over again——

Quam dulcè meminisse peracta!

Thus have I fulfilled my promise, at first setting out to the public, of laying before them the particulars of this most interesting conversation; and I have conducted my two warm friends unhurt to eleven o'clock at night, where, if the reader pleases, we will take leave of them; lest, as there was no one left to quarrel with but themselves, it should turn out, that, through downright necessity, they had a tête-à-tête quarrel; to know the subject matter of which must necessarily excite the reader's curiosity; and there being no Bystander to take down minutes, the most fruitful imagination would endanger

endanger a miscarriage in conceiving what could possibly arise which could occasion a disagreement between two such gentlemen as these, who sympathized so much with each other in the most delicate sensations and feelings; and at length it should appear, the tête-à-tête ended, each quarrelled with his shadow, and so they went quarrelling to bed.

This, I say, would only lead the reader into greater difficulties, who, if I guess aright, is sufficiently tired already with puzzling his imagination to discover, what could raise their furious spleen so much against the Doctor, treating him as a spy and a discloser of the nakedness of the land, who only desired to be understood to know, *no more than he did.*

To satisfy myself therefore and the public, whose curiosity and desire of information, in regard to so tender and interesting a point as the ***** character of La-Writ in the Tye, I am confident must be amazingly excited

and provoked, I have made it my business to have the Doctor sifted thoroughly upon the subject of senior La-Writ's *****, which has most unfortunately but unavoidably taken place in every body's opinion, from the very ridiculous manner of the senior's taking it up, by observing to the Doctor that he had heard him sing the British Grenadiers: By this observation triumphing over the parson for his truly plain British voice, unharmonized by any the least tendency to the soft notes of an Italian pipe. And this suspicion must likewise have gained credit from that warm and affectionate fellow-feeling, which his loving friend junior La-Writ expressed for the disastrous excruciating situation, which those simple harmless words of the parson's had plunged his brother lawyer in.

Unhappy event this! that little La-Writ's furious zeal (by which he undoubtedly meant to serve his friend almost as much as to display his own extraordinary talents) should be the chief

chief conductor of so unfavourable a piece of intelligence to the female part of the neighbourhood, and stir up an anecdote relative to his friend, which might have lain dormant till doom-day, unless he should chance to change his condition ---- And alas! that is not very likely now this is well known. Fatal effect of zeal without knowledge! I am sure senior La-Writ has reason to say so.

The Doctor, they tell me, is very open, and shews a deal of tenderness and candour in talking upon the subject, seems to divest himself entirely of any resentment for the ill treatment he has received, which it must be owned was rather too free and familiar with one of his cloth. He says, he can by no means himself harbour any belief of that unnatural imputation, which the warmth and misguided zeal of those two gentlemen had brought upon ——— for he had always a good opinion of his soundness and integrity, and looked upon him

as

as a man ——— of more honour than to have proceeded as he has done to the very threshold of matrimony with some young ladies of youthful charms, and treated with others in the epistolary way, if matters had been with him, as he and his friends by this developement would make the world believe. What, says he, though senior La-Writ is a little too much thrown out for the most exact proportion and symmetry, can no other reason be given for it, but the unnatural one of ***** alluded to by his friend? Does not every one who knows the senior, know that he is ever a cordial friend to a plentiful way of living, and never fails to take opportunity by the foretop whenever he meets with it; and it is very certain that indulgences of this sort will occasion unseemly excrescences of the body, and have been known sometimes even to affect the mind. When therefore these bulbous overflowings can be so easily accounted for, it is the greatest cruelty in

in his friends, and a perfect assassination in himself upon his own person, to attempt to derive their origin from so improbable a cause as *****.

Though his neck, *continued he*, is rather thick and distended beyond the usual size, yet, if senior La-Writ is a singer (but the Doctor avows an entire ignorance of his abilities that way) the extension of the muscles may very naturally have been occasioned by his frequent warblings; as it is observed, that birds of the most delicate notes, such as linnets, bull-finches, &c. always swell their little throats to a size disproportionate to their bodies, when they entertain us with “The lark’s
“thrill note,” &c.

I make no scruple to believe myself, who am an impartial friend to all sides, nor will I hesitate to declare and affirm my belief to the world, that if ----- would submit to the test of the scrutinizing * chair, (which it must come to

* John Juell, Bishop of Salisbury, in giving a detail of the many enormities notorious in the church

at last, if he means to make any thing of his affairs in this world), I am convinced, I say, a general joy would be diffused over the countenances of the examining jury, and they would clap their hands and bless their stars, that *de pede Hercules* was born into the world.

Happy discovery! conducive to the ease and satisfaction of all parties concerned! By this means, all obloquy would be wiped off, and senior La-Writ would have a more manly opinion of himself, and would not be affrightened at seeing the girls titter and huddle into a corner at the sight of him, but would be able to read a bill of the opera without turning pale, although the characters were Crotchettini or Tenducci; nay, with as much firmness and with as little emotion, as though he had read Wilkes or Horne.

church of Rome, shews the occasion of instituting the ceremony of this chair—"When Johane, a woman, imposed upon the conclave, and sat for two whole years in the papal chair as head of the church." Juell's Apology, printed 1600.

He

He could then sit quietly and hear the words " Guadani, Farinelli," out of another's mouth, without connecting the whimsical idea of their being bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, his brother * * * * *

This would likewise caution him against the insinuations of false friends, who sneer at his weakness and laugh at his infirmities, lend a hand in exposing him to the ridicule of the Public, by buoying up his passion to the subversion of his reason, and, like the first false friend in Paradise, prompt the creature to abuse its native harmless form.---For the Reader may remember, that senior La-Writ, sensible enough of his own poor judgment, prides himself upon being seconded by his arch-fiend junior La-Writ, when he makes that heroic fall upon the merry curate intrenched chin-deep behind the card-table.

The Doctor, they tell me, has been observed to be very cautious in his style and way of expressing himself, ever

since this most momentous affair happened; says not one word of the fable of the Lion, the Bear, and the Fox, though without doubt he thinks of it, and particularly avoids speaking of foreigners; and even carries his good neighbourhood so far, that I am told, he intends leaving Ireland out of his prayer, for fear (as nobody knows from whence these two blades sprung) the naming that word might be said to reflect upon, or bear too near an allusion to, the place of their birth.

Nevertheless, though the Doctor is good-natured enough to put such a bridle upon his tongue, yet it must be a great restraint upon a neighbourhood, to live near persons of doubtful characters, so as to make it necessary, in common card-table conversation, to weigh well and consider before you speak, whether the mentioning that you dined that day upon a goose, may not totally take away your neighbour's stomach to his supper, from jealousies and suspicions coming into his head,
that

that you must certainly mean to reflect upon his weakness of understanding, and cover your ill-nature under this thin cloak of wit, “ That you eat “ what he had not sense to say *bo!* to.” Such confinements and niceties as these destroy the zest of all company, and overthrow the very principles of society and good humour; for if one sees a man with a wig on, one naturally concludes there are brains under it, and therefore should make no scruple to own the great disappointment one had met with in the dissection of a rabbit’s head, without recollecting what quarter the moon was in.

I think I now hear the sensible good-natured reader very justly remark, that I have entirely misapplied myself, and that the affront, offered both to the Doctor and the whole company, was, old La-Writ’s low, coarse, and vulgar expression to the Doctor, “ That he did “ not know one tune from another, “ nor a fiddle from a hurdy-gurdy.”

This was, to be sure, carrying matters very far, for the humblest of us all think we are possessed of taste enough to be candidates for the place of Lord-Mayor's F--l.

It must be confessed the Doctor is a home-bred youth, and never had the advantage, as the senior has, of a six-weeks tour to Paris, to study the *Belles Lettres*, and embellish his head with the polite arts; yet as the poor man never affects this pedantry, it must be acknowledged, it was cruel in La-Writ to triumph over him, and upbraid him with the want of those genteel accomplishments so conspicuous in himself. It was La-Writ's peculiar happiness to take in the sciences very quick, and he returned from his travels, after only six weeks absence, a complete full-furnished gentleman; but then, as he was great, so he should have been merciful; though he had been happy enough to have so quickly acquired the *bon ton* in music, architecture, &c. &c. &c. and to be possessed of so super-abundant

abundant a genius as even to need pruning in the-----non-naturals; still every man cannot hope to arrive at that summit of execution the great La-Writ has: And the humble priest has never aimed at it; but, like a true drudge, set out early in life in the connubial way, rejoices that his labours in the vineyard have been crowned with success, and feels no regret that he has been instrumental in enforcing that rule of providence, “ That one “ generation should pass away, and “ another come.” He travels on cheerfully through this capricious world, and having now arrived at the noon of life, I dare to say is very happy in reflecting, that he has so far answered the end of his creation, and that the world is by thus much the better for his coming into it.

I will detain the reader no longer with any defence of the Priest, as his case most clearly speaks for itself.

An observation, which dropped from the tongue of one of the young ladies in

in company, was so adroit and pertinent, and at the same time offered with such engaging simplicity and innocence, that I am persuaded no reader but senior La-Writ can expect any apology for my tagging it to the end of a dry narrative of a dry matter of fact.

In the midst of the hurly-burly, the young lady, not readily adapting a name to what she was laughing at, observed to old La-Writ, that she did not employ herself much in reading plays, therefore should be glad to be informed by him what character he was taking off: Fully imagining that he was in the act of mimicry; and though he rather overstrained his part, for the company to enter into the true spirit of it by sympathy, yet the young lady candidly thought, it must be some favourite character of his, only a little marred in representation,

Upon repeating this part of the story to a shrewd person (an entire stranger to old La-Writ) he observed, " Perhaps
" the

" the young lady might not be mis-
 " taken,---he did not know the cha-
 " racter of the gentleman,---but he
 " might be acting the part of Horner
 " in the Country Wife." If so, he
 was laughing in his sleeve, and play-
 ing the Wag, while the world was
 laughing aloud, and thought he was
 playing the F--l.

BY A FRIEND.

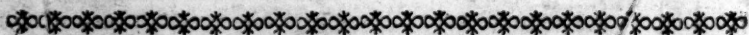
To the Gentleman who threatened another for
 mentioning his Name with Favour.

THIS unprovoked attack to take offence
 shows it not want of friendship, but of sense.
 In woman's presence who begins a fray,
 seldom has merit any other way.
 Why should his name, whose voice almost divine
 charms all others, beaming far in thine
 tongue, be thus, as if along the tongue,
 And, sweetly flowing, turn to his tongue,
 Can point no way to his dispute,
 If opposition could be made in the dispute.



the young lady might not be mis-
taken—he did not know the cha-
racter of the gentleman—but he
might be acting the part of Horner.
FOLLOWING VERSES
was laughing in his sleeve, and play-
ing the Wags while the world was
laughing aloud, and thought he was

Copied from News-Papers.



BY A FRIEND.

To the GENTLEMAN who threatened another for
mentioning his Name with FARINELLI's.

THUS unprovok'd, dear C---, to take offence,
Shews, if not want of manhood, want of sense.
In womens' presence who begins a fray,
Seldom has mettle any other way.

Why should his name, whose voice, almost divine,
Has charm'd all others' hearing, jar in thine?
His liquid name, that glides along the tongue,
And, sweetly flowing, imitates his song,
Can point no satyr, no abuse dispense,
If conscience cause no jawndice in the sense.

Let

Colo.

Let Farinelli, form'd by nature well,
 Become by art defective—to excel—
 Ravish the ear;—he may, 'tis all he can:
 For in the Warbler he has sunk the Man.

This hurts not you, who boast no tuneful voice,
 Nor wish to warble at so dear a price.—
 “Name you with him!”—no scandal still remains,
 He fails in manhood, you in dulcet strains.—
 Why do you rave?—his failing would you claim?
 And own the thing by starting at the name?—
 Rash—to invite reproach, and tempt it's sting!—
 Alas! there have been e—n—hs—could not sing.

On the GENTLEMAN who rudely abetted him.

YES—“ 'Tis too much †”—(judge any one,
 that's cool)—

To have a Madman justify a F—,
 Storm, strut, and scold,—in slander to compare
 With Billingsgate, or—counsel at the bar,—
 Roar like a Lion on the Libyan plain,
 And share his brutal nature with his name,—
 The kindred * beast but mention'd, straight take
 fire,

And vent in oaths and ruffian threats his ire.

False

† The exordium of the Gentleman's oration in defence of his friend—“ By G-d, it is too much!”

* Upon the Doctor of Divinity observing, that “ the Gentleman had taken it up like a Lion,” &c. this Gentleman broke

False is the courage, that is passion's slave;—
 This doughty champion's but a boist'rous brave,
 Rude—to abuse, tho' prudent—to invite
 One, who by office is forbid, to fight,—
 Bold to assault—where he may—safely dare,—
 No blood is spilt in presence of the fair.
 His broils unnumber'd, yet unfelt his blows,
 'Tis vanity, not valour, *that he shews.*

“The motive's gen'rous, censure as you will,
 “His friend's offended, and he can't be still.”

So, if two asses meet you on the way,
 And one unluckily begin to bray,
 Soon as his comrade the alarum hears,
 He joins the hideous din, and rends your ears.

Or, if the muse—(for muses have such fits)
 Laugh at the follies, which the age commits,
 The wise and worthy no objections start,
 Whilst fops unmeant, and coxcombs seem to smart.
 Alike the unisons of folly sound,
 If you touch one, they tremble all around.

out into fresh rage, and swore, if he mentioned his name again
 upon any occasion, he would knock him down; and accordingly
 made an assault upon him before the ladies, &c.



F I N I S

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